Per. I will beleeue you by the fillable of what you ſhall deliuer, yet giue me leaue, how came you in theſe parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King my father did in *Tharſus* leaue me
Till cruell *Cleon* with his wicked wife,
Did ſeeke to murder me: and hauing wooed a villaine
To attempt it, who hauing drawne to doo't,
A crew of Pirats came and reſcued me,
Brought me to Metaline.
But good ſir, whether will you haue me? why do you weepe?
It may be you thinke me an impoſture, no good faith. I am the daughter of King *Pericles*, if good King *Pericles* be.

Per. Hoe, *Hellicanus*?

Hell. Calles my Lord?

Per. Thou art a graue and noble Councellor,
Moſt wiſe in generall, tell me if thou canſt, what this maide is,
Or what is like to be, that thus hath made me weepe?

Hell. I know not but here's the regent ſir of *Metaline*, ſpeaks nobly of her.

Lyſ. ſhe neuer would tell her parentage,
Being demanded that ſhe would ſit ſtill and weepe.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, ſtrike me honored ſir, giue me a gaſh, put me to preſent paine, leaſt this great ſea of ioyes ruſhing vpon me ore-beare the ſhore of my mortality, and drowne me with their ſweetneſſe. Oh come hither,
Thou that begetſt him that did thee beget
Thou that waſt borne at ſea, buried at *Tharſus*,
And found at ſea againe: O *Helleanus*,
Downe on my knees thanke the holy god as loud
As thunder threatens vs; this is *Marina*.
What was my mothers name? tell me but that,
For truth can neuer be confirmd enough,
Though doubts did euer ſleepe.

Mar. Firſt ſir, I pray what is your Title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre, but tell me now my
Drownd Queenes name, as in the reſt you ſaid,
Thou haſt beene God-like perfect, the heire of Kingdomes,
And

And another like to *Pericles* thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, then to ſay, my Mothers name was *Thaiſa*, *Thaiſa* was my mother, who did end the minute I began.

Per. Now bleſſing on thee, riſe, thou art my childe.
Giue me freſh garments, mine owne *Hellicanus*, ſhe is not dead at *Tharſus*, as ſhe ſhould haue bene by ſauage *Cleon*, ſhee ſhall tell the all, when thou ſhalt kneele, and iuſtifie in knowledge, ſhe is thy very Princes who is this?

Hell. Sir tis the Gouernor of *Metaline*, who hearing of your melancholy, did come to ſee you.

Per. I embrace you giue me my robes;
I am wild in my beholding. Oh heauen bleſſe my girle.
But hearke, what Muſicks this *Hellicanus*, my *Marina*,
Tell him ore point by point, for yet he ſeemes to dote,
How ſure you are my daughter, but wher's this Muſicke?

Hell. My Lord, I heare none.

Per. None, the Muſicke of the ſpheares, liſt my *Marina*.

Lyſ. It is not good to croſſe him giue him way.

Per. Rareſt ſounde do ye not heare?

Lyſ. Muſicke my Lord, I heare.

Per. Moſt heauenly muſicke
It nips me vnto liſtening, and thicke ſlumber
Hangs vpon mine eyes, let me reſt.

Lyſ. A pillow for his head, ſo leaue him all.
Well my companion friends, if this but anſwere to my iuſt beliefe, ile well remember you.

Diana.

Dian. My Temple ſtands in *Epheſus*,
Hie thee thether, and doe vpon mine Altar ſacrifice. There when my maiden prieſts are met together, before all the people reueale how thou at ſea didſt loſe thy wife, to mourne thy croſſe with thy daughters call and giue them repetition to the like, or performe my bidding, or thon liueſt in woe, doo't, and happy by my ſiluer bow, awake and tell thy dreame.

Per. Celeſtiall *Diana* Goddeſſe *Argentine*,
I will obey thee: *Hellicanus*. *Hell.* Sir?

Per.,